

*The history*

*Pand.* Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

*Troyl.* What now?

*Pand.* Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

*Troy.* Let me read,

*Pand.* A whorson tiffick, a whorson rascally tiffick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another; that I shall leaue you one ath's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there?

*Troy.* Words, words, meere words, no matter fro the heart, Th'effect doth operate another way.

Go winde to winde, there turne and change together:

My loue with words and errors still she feedes,

But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Therfies: excursions.*

*Therf.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another: Ile go looke on, that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvie dooting foolish knaues sleeue of Troy there in his helme. I would faine see them meete, that that same young Troyan asse that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villaine with the sleeue, back to the dissembling luxurious drabbe of a sleeuelesse arrant. Ath' tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing raskalls; that stale old Mouse-eaten drye cheefe *Nestor*: and that same dogge-foxe *Ulysses*, is not proou'd worth a Black-berry. They set mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curie *Ajax*, against that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curie *Ajax*, prouder then the curie *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes sleeue & tother.

*Troy.* Flye not, for shouldst thou take the riuer Stix, I would swim after,

*Diomed.* Thou doost miscall retire,  
I doe not flie, but aduantageous care,  
With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

*Ther.* Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Trojan,  
Now

*of Troylus and Cressida*

Now the sleeue, now the sleeue.

*Enter Hector.*

*Hect.* What art Greeke, art thou  
Art thou of bloud and honour.

*Ther.* No, no, I am a rascall, a filthy roague.

*Hect.* I do belecue thee, lue.

*Ther.* God a mercy, that thou v  
breake thy neck --- for flightin  
wenching roagues? I thinke the  
ther. I would laugh at that min  
eates it selfe, ile seeke them.

*Enter Diomedes.*

*Dio.* Goe go, my seruant take  
Present the faire steed to my L  
Fellow commend my seruice to  
Tell her I haue chafin'd the am  
And am her knight by prooffe.

*Man.* I goe my Lord.

*Aga.* Renew, renew, the fierce  
Hath beate downe *Menon*: bast  
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.

And stands *Colossus* wife wauing  
Vpon the pashed corfes of the  
*Epistropus* and *Cedus*, *Polixenes*  
*Amphimachus* and *Thous* deadly  
*Patroclus* tane' or flaine, and *P*  
Sore hurt and bruised, the drea  
Appalls our numbers, hast we  
To re-enforcement or we peris

*Enter Nestor.*

*Nest.* Go beare *Patroclus* bod  
And bid the snail-pac't *Ajax*:  
There is a thouland *Hectors* in  
Now here he fights on *Galathea*  
And there lacks worke, anon he  
And there they flie or die, like  
Before the belching Whale, th

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